

Support System

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Support System

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

The two rulers explore the home their sons grew up in during their search for Dream.

Set right after Reunited. You should probably read that first.

Notes

I thought of this when I started the 3rd book. I said I had 5 planned, and this isn't even one of them lmao.

This is just a short oneshot, it dives into the feelings of Phil and Schlatt a bit. The next book will be coming out soon!

Edit : I accidentally posted this while the title was still "filler" lmao

The cabin was closer than they originally thought, hidden in the woods. They almost missed it even though Technoblade told them where it was. Phil decided to go and look for Dream in the cabin Techno found the boys in. Schlatt tagged along too. Tommy had asked to come and help but Phil refused to let either of the kids near the cabin again.

Tommy had asked. It was weird to think of his son as Tommy. For the past 16 years when he thought of his youngest son, which he did quite often, Theseus is always what came to mind. Techno chose the name. Dream called him Tommy instead. He didn't change Tubbo's name so he could only wonder why he changed Tommy's. Phil asked him which name he wanted to use and his son insisted on staying Tommy. With a heavy heart he agreed. Techno still called him Theseus on occasion, Tommy didn't seem to mind, but from that point on his son was Tommy.

Dream had escaped after Technoblade let him go to help Tommy. Phil and the others were determined to find him. He had to pay for his actions, simply disappearing wouldn't be enough. So there they were walking up the old steps of the cabin's porch. Schlatt sneered at the worn down building. "You'd think a king would be able to afford something nicer" he scoffed.

Phil looked down at the door and the lock that turned from the outside. He opened the door slowly and peered inside. The house was dark as the two walked in. Schlatt looked at the chair that still had the restraints next to it and smiled slightly. "I can't believe those kids restrained Technoblade," he said. Phil chuckled lightly. "Yeah, he was caught off guard. Probably thought the place was abandoned I mean" he gestured to the house.

The house looked normal. It had a table with four chairs, a small couch in front of the fireplace, a normal kitchen, and a hallway leading to a few more rooms. Any stranger glancing inside would have thought it was a normal family house. Small but homey. It was nothing more than a nicely decorated prison.

They looked around the kitchen and living room a bit but it seemed like Dream hadn't been here. A thin layer of dust had settled on the surfaces of everything. An uneasy feeling filled Phil's gut as he noted how clean the house was beside the dust. Too clean for a house that two boys were left in for days at a time alone.

He walked into the hallway and saw two doors with names carved into the wood. Phil opened the one with Tommy's name on it and made his way into the room. The bed was crooked and the room was a bit messy. Probably thrown around from when they hastily left with Techno. He went over to the dresser and looked down at the two pictures that sat on it.

One of them was a younger Tommy smiling wildly while sitting on Dream's lap. Who he assumed was Dream anyway, he didn't have a mask on but he wore a similar green hoodie. The man's eyes shut as he smiled wide. Phil's hands curled into tight fists as he put the picture face down on the dresser. His expression softening when he saw the next picture. It

was one of a younger Tommy and Tubbo, slightly older than the one with Dream. Probably around 9. Even then Tubbo was much smaller than Tommy despite being older.

He was glad in a way, in the picture they both looked happy. Genuinely happy. Living here wasn't the best, it was terrible from the little details the two shared, but it gave him peace of mind to know they had moments like that. Even if those moments were shared with someone as vile as Dream. Even if those were moments he should have experiences with his son. Even if *he was the one who should have taken that picture*. Dream had stolen his son's childhood not only from Tommy but from him too. Phil slipped the picture into his pocket.

He glanced around the small and lightly decorated room again before exiting. Once in the hallway, he saw the President standing in the doorway of the other room. His hand was on the doorknob as he peered in. A somber look in his eyes. Phil looked into the room from beside Schlatt. It was smaller than Tommy's and had significantly less stuff. The only form of furniture it had was a small old blanket in the corner and a cardboard box. Tubbo's name on the door. Phil put his hand on Schlatt's shoulder as his hand tightened around the doorknob.

His sad expression turned downright murderous, so much so it almost scared Phil. He retracted his hand and took a small step back. "Fuckin' bastard" Schlatt hissed. He was fuming. "That sick fuck raised *my son* like some- some fucking *dog*" he slammed the door shut. How dare he? *How dare he?* Schlatt decided when they found the masked man he'd take great pleasure in wrapping his hands around his neck and killing him slowly.

He met eyes with Phil who gazed at him sympathetically and let out a low sigh. "He isn't here," Phil said. "Yep," Schlatt responded glaring at the blonde. How could he be so calm over this? "We should go" Phil hummed and turned to the exit.

Schlatt glared at the back of his head and snarled. "That's it?" He growled. Phil turned his head to him wide-eyed. His mouth opened but Schlatt cut him off. "That's the only thing you have to say over this? Not a fucking thing? How are you so uncaring after seeing this." He waved his arm around gesturing to the house. Phil took a step towards him fully turned around now. He reached his hand out to put it on the President's shoulder again. "Schlatt I know what happened to them is upsetting but--"

Schlatt smacked his hand away and yelled. "You don't understand how it feels, do you? This is so fucking easy for you. It must be **so** easy to not care when *your* son didn't get fucking *beat* regularly." He slammed his back into the door and covered his face with his hands to hide the tears that filled his eyes. "I'm such a terrible father. He was right here the whole time, so fuckin' close, but he suffered anyways because I was too busy getting drunk off my ass to save him." His voice lowering in volume at the end. Shifting from angry to sad.

Phil watched the man's small breakdown sadly. He sucked in a breath and crossed the distance between them. "It isn't easy" he started. Schlatt pulled his hands from his face to glare at the king. "It's hard Schlatt, I know it is. I'm pissed off, I'm sad, regretful, and full of hate right now but we need to keep it together. Our sons spent the first sixteen years of their lives without a support system. Now that we have them back we *need* to give them one. *We need to be there for them.*"

He set his hand on the President's shoulder once again and pulled him lightly to the door. "We'll make Dream pay one day. For now, we need to be there for them." Schlatt scrubbed at his still teary eyes and nodded. He'd make Dream pay one day and he would take great pleasure in doing so. Phil was right though, his son needed him.

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